

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 51.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1809.

NO. 1041.

LOUISA.

A PRÆMIAN TALE.

CONCLUDED.

"Alas! poor Count," said she, in a tone of sorrow, "to love such an eye! and in such a manner!"

And from this moment the disgust which she felt against her husband was converted into the coldest pity.

She sat with her weeping eyes fixed upon the picture.

"And not once to express an angry word," continued she, "against the man who robbed you of it!"

She drew the Baron's letter from her bosom, and once more perused it; then arose from her sofa, and placed it among her jewels. The portrait of the Count she hung about her neck.

Louisa wore it on her neck now, both day and night, and by degrees she became familiar with it. Sometimes, when she reflected on the astonishing goodness of heart with which its original had acted, she was so affected, that she pressed it to her lips and kissed it.

At the latter end of autumn the Grand Chamberlain came for a few days to visit his daughter; he asked the lady who was with her, if Louisa's mind was changed, but heard that at present there was nothing to be hoped for. He shrugged his shoulders, and as long as he staid never let a word drop about the minister. The afternoon which he had fixed upon for his departure, he asked his daughter jokingly if she was inclined to indulge him with her company?

"I cannot be the wife of the Count," said Louisa, "but, if he will receive me into his house, as his confidential friend, I am ready to attend you."

The father viewed his daughter with astonishment, embraced her, staid two days longer than he intended, and took her with him to the residuary. The Count's marriage with Louisa was in a few days publicly declared, and Louisa lived afterwards in his house. He was her husband in company, and her brother when alone.

By little and little, however, the brother roused his sister dangerous. Louisa's captivating modesty, her sweet deportment to all who were about her; her attention to every wish of her husband; her regularity, taste, and universal benevolence, converted in a short time the apparent husband into a serious lover. As a husband, however, he was silent, and still more so, now he was a lover.

In him Louisa found a man, who was beloved both by high and low, who was a minister, and yet had friends,—who, though he might have claimed a husband's rights, was modestly contented with the privileges of a brother;—who observed, without watching her; and without being troublesome, behaved to her with the greatest tenderness. She began to lament that such a man was without a wife who loved him. She became accustomed to

his glass eye and the deformity of his person, and was at last in love with the Count herself.

The Count continued as before diffident and respectful. Louisa thought she was despised, and held his contempt for just. She withdrew herself to solitude, and only saw the Count at those moments when her presence was necessary. He became uneasy and more attentive to her than ever he had been before, and observed one day that Louisa endeavoured to conceal a picture which was hung upon her neck, and had fallen from her bosom.

"I love Louisa," said the Count to himself, "but she is unhappy! I love her, and must seek to make her happy."

The next morning he entered her room, for the first time; she was sitting at her toilette. He ordered the servant who was there for a few minutes to withdraw, and kissed Louisa's hand. She was so frightened that she did not know what she did. At last she reached a chair, and the Count seated himself beside her.

"My dear Louisa," said he, "you are in love—I am certain you are in love; and it is for this reason that I visit you."

Louisa kept her seat, and wrung her hands. "Tell me, my Countess, do you love the man whose picture you wear?"

"Yes," said Louisa softly, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"Well," said he, "I cannot endure to see you suffer thus in silence any longer, and it is a matter of importance to me that you are happy. From this moment you are free. I will go directly to your father, and then to his Majesty, and to-morrow the permission for our separation shall be signed; receive this token of my love, which at the same time I offer as a sacrifice. Farewell, my Countess!—when you are in the arms of your happy lover, think sometimes upon a friend who will honour you for ever."

He then rose from his seat, and was going, when Louisa fell upon his neck: "My lord, my husband," she exclaimed, "I will never leave you—here is the portrait!"

He saw it, and fell at Louisa's feet. She told him all her history; and I leave my readers to imagine the result. I shall make no farther observation, than that the Monarch, the first time that he saw the Captain, embraced him publicly, and, addressing him before the whole parade, said,—

"Colonel, you are a very honourable man!"

## THE COUNTRY LASS:

A FRAGMENT.

—The sky was clear, the sun had passed its diurnal meridian, the fields were verdant, the flocks bleated in the valley, and nature's livery wore a pleasing smile. Could a country lass, educated in the bosom of nature, and an admirer of its charms; withstand the temptation for rambling, at this delightful season and on so charming a day? I roved into the

meadows; fancy directed my steps toward the industrious husbandman; contemplation upon the goodness of heaven, in crowning his labours with such full grown crops, and with abundant plenty, to supply his like industrious family with bread, so wholly occupied my mind, that my feet strayed, I knew not whither.

The birds, chanting their notes, and each winged songster caroling the praises of its creator, awoke me from my reverie. I found myself in a wood, where flowers of different hues and fragrance, adorned each hillock, and the banks of a rivulet boasted innumerable charms; in its clear mirror the neighbouring beauties were reflected, and over its pure bosom the barge of pleasure skim.

After wandering a little while I found myself in an open field; the wild spontaneous flowers diversified the path that led to a small, though neat and well cultivated garden—uncorrupted, yet refined nature was visible in its every part: the meandering rivalet softly stole along between the rose-bush and hawthorn; at a little distance the branches of some trees were entwined together; the honey suckle and bellvine crept over them and afforded a friendly shade. The favourite of Flora adorned the whole of this sequestered spot; a neat little cot arose to view—I entered it without the usual ceremony of knocking, for the doors were open, and seemed to say to the weary traveller, "thou art welcome."

"Why art you immured in this solitude?" said I, to an elegant and lovely female, who offered me a seat.

"To partake of happiness, and to watch a parent's declining years," replied the amiable Fanny—this humble dwell is the abode of peace and content, though not of splendour. I ran over her features with an exquisite look—a melancholy, which overspread her countenance, rendered it mild and interesting—a lively eye, denoted quick penetration, solid sense, and a good heart—I apologized for my abrupt visit, and begged her to gratify me with a relation of some of the incidents of her life.

"My father, said this charming girl, was an eminent merchant in—; the smiles of fortune attended him for many years, opulence and domestic harmony, rendered us supremely happy; continual losses in trade reduced our fortune to a mere competency. An elder sister, an amiable girl, was reared like a flower in the bloom of youth; she fell, a wretched victim—hopeless love. Unfortunately, she brought tracted an attachment to a young man, that she but such was her extreme moments before kept the fatal secret till too late to restore her dissolution. It was of a beloved daughter's life. Only one sister remained. My mother, as pressed by misfortunes, sunk beneath her weight, and, six months after my sister, bid a tender husband, and me, an only remaining child, a long adieu. It was then my care to console a father, to watch his feeble age with unremitting attention.

"We left the crowd and bustle of the mart"

polis and sought an asylum, a relief from sorrow, in this village. In the summer, my garden affords me amusement; and in the winter, by a social fire, my aged father will repeat some of the adventures of his youth; or I from some book in our small library, will find amusement for him and myself which enlivens the long evenings."

I returned my thanks to Fanny for her kindness, and took my leave, after a mutual promise of soon seeing each other again.

Who would relinquish this delightful life for the splendid ball, or brilliant circle the metropolis boasts of? Here resides innocence and peace; there envy and discord. In strolling into the wood, here each misfortune that embitters the cup of life, is forgotten, and the celestial ray of happiness "streams thro' this frail mansion of mortality, subliming all our sufferings."

Most of the virtues that adorn the pages of human nature are found in the retired cottage, and its mild influence will ever shake from the troubled heart the heavy dews of sorrow.

### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

Was it the infallible criterion by which the just observer might judge of the value or importance of an object by the manner of its being received, or esteemed, we might naturally be led to conclude that Time was, of all others, the most uninteresting and unimportant.

The study of nature is grand and sublime; but, when carried beyond the extent of human understanding, it is vague and hypothetical: still more is it for finite reason to attempt to imagine, much less to comprehend, the intricate meanders of infinity. Astronomical theories may gratify an aspiring taste; but, as far as our ideas are demonstrable and clear, so far only can we judge. Surely then, if these pursuits are by us unobtainable, is it not an improper application of time to these, when the interests of the immortal soul are at stake?

But though this practice may be reprehensible, we are not to degenerate into a total contempt of them. The generality of mankind are grown senseless to all pleasure. Averse to thought, buried in ignorance, and immersed in the depths of dissipation, they vegetate like plants, and depart like brutes. Reason has exalted her towering mein, and bid defiance to the voice of Revelation. But the distinguishing characteristics of these are, that Reason has introduced a false philosophy, unbelief, and the various enormities that disgrace the character of the infidel; while Revelation's fruits are holiness, happiness, and a desire to "redeem the time, knowing that the days are evil."—Which pursuit then is the most rational,—involving yourself in perplexity and doubt, and thereby mistaking the doctrine of the gospel,—or, by an attentive investigation, seeing that plan which promises eternal fel-

### ON RELIGION.

There are great occasions when the mind to take refuge in Religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and ears, when we consider that the greatest power is the best.

### LINES WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

By the late A. L. Blawie, Esq. of this City.

Trace we now the torrent tide  
Tow'rd yon dark steep's craggy side,  
At the dread verge one moment dwell: its flight  
Then flashing headlong on the light;  
The dizzy summit plunging past,  
It heaves its thunders to the blast.

From rock to rock recoiling, still the stream,  
Wakes in its downward course a foamy gleam;  
'Till hush'd at length, its billows all subside,  
And gently steals the unmolested tide.  
O'er spring-encham'd plains pursues its way,  
And vales made fertile by its foaming sway;  
Reflects the beauties that its waters lave,  
And heav'n's bright features dancing on its wave.

Such is the wearied spirit's last repose;  
The sweet oblivion of a life of woes  
Each anguish flown: forgotten every care,  
And life and rapture dawning on despair.

LODINUS.

### MONODY.

Near where yon streamlet slowly finds  
With pebbly noise its silver way,  
And where his horn the beetle winds  
To swell the dirge of closing day.

While many a flower of earliest spring  
Round the light green sward bending creeps,  
And many an insect's glossy wing  
Shew circles o'er the humming "bees":

There rests the hamlet's native pride,  
The fairest maid that e'er d'ld its green,  
In soul to Heaven alone allied,  
In form a grace, a love in vain.

Oh! she was gentle as the air,  
Which plays on summer's tranquil breast:  
A heart, so kind to every care,  
Warms but the tender turtle's nest.

Her voice was sweeter than the lyre,  
That steals each gloom from the breeze,  
Her eye though blue with chastened fire,  
That wins us, ere it seem to please.

Oh! when the wild gust shook the leaf,  
Her voice in mellow tones would pour,  
So soft, so sad, its touching grief:  
So soft, so sad, it swells no more!

No more, as wont, at vernal wake  
With merry steps they dance the joys,  
But sigh from every bosom break  
For her, who b'est their youthful days,

So, while at eve the hoary swain  
Recounts the tale to infants ears,  
They seek the grave of lovely Jane,  
And turn their ready sports to tears.

Oh! do the village nymphs repair  
In dumb distress to kneel and weep,  
To shew the rue and primrose there,  
Or hymn her gentle sprite to sleep.

Pause then—on yonder hallowed spot,  
And give her worth a pining sigh;  
So may thy grave ne'er be forgot,  
When the lone pilgrim passes by.

### ENIGMA.

I'm up, and down, and round about,  
No mortal e'er found my end out:  
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure  
I never could disclose my measure.  
I'm in almost every garden,  
Nay in the compass of a farthing—  
There's neither chariot, coach nor mill  
Can move an inch—except I will.

### PITY.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring—so the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He that pitieth another, recommendeth himself, but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relineth not at the bleeding of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk and she implore thy assistance with tears of sorrow; Oh! pity her affliction, and extend thine hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of the dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity, Oh! how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

### PARTY SPIRIT.

THE age we live in has been called by writers the age of revolutions—but all such changes proceed from natural causes, from the corruptibility of the world, and the licentiousness of the people. It was so from the beginning, and will continue so to the end, whenever the spirit of party becomes triumphant over the spirit of rule. Every departure from union is a departure from duty, and consequently misery and every evil work will ensue. When William III. who had been called by the British nation to succeed James II. who had timidly abdicated his crown from the fear and threats of this same spirit we have been speaking of, he had a most malignant party spirit to keep under on his arrival in England. Some were plotting against his life, others betraying his councils, and all spirits of this cast endeavouring to work the nation into a general disgust. In short, he struggled with such difficulties, that his crown at his commencement proved but a crown of thorns. All engines were engaged to create a civil war, and to divide the people, at a time when he could hardly struggle with England's old inveterate enemy, France—for the prosecuting whereof, he crossed the channel twice a year into the Low Countries, returning home when the campaign was ended. In his absence the regency was left to the queen. During this bloody war of nine years continuance, several great battles were fought. To rescue Europe from the then encroaching power of France, and to save Holland, his native country, he went through fire and sword, and recovered at last her liberty. To save his adopted country, England, he exposed his life by sea and land. By this means England and Holland became united in one common interest, which France always endeavored to divide, and it was this union which then proved a sufficient barrier against the present pretensions to universal monarchy. It evidently appears there can be no lasting peace to the world till either France or England succumb, because both nations constitute power for doing wrong. Which first will yield is not within the reach of human view—but this we know, that if we keep united we have nothing to fear from either. England has tried us with all her might, and the consequence ended in our triumph and success—but then we were united; we acted from the spirit of patriotism, and were not divided. The issue will be the same against either adversary, if we are actuated by patriotic principles. We can have nothing to fear but dissension and party spirit. I trust we have long ages of happiness in store, and that before a very distant period, notwithstanding the present awful crisis, the world will be settled in peace on such firm principles, that misrule and party spirit will not speedily have the ascendancy, and that order, good government, and wholesome laws will prevail in these United States for generation and generation to come.



## DESCRIPTIVE.

### THE SEASON.—JANUARY.

STERN winter's icy breath, intensely keen,  
Now chills the blood, and withers every green;  
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,  
Or driving snows obscure the turbid air.

\* Nothing can be more wonderful than the effects of frost. To see the running stream stopped in its course; the lake that was curled by every breeze, converted into a firm plain; the moist ground dried up and made as hard as a rock; and all this done by an invisible power in the space of a single night, would be infinitely surprising to one unaccustomed to the sight. These effects are painted in a very lively manner by Thompson, in his *Seasons*.

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while at his evening antic,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief.  
The heifer lows: the distant water-fall  
Swells in the breeze—and, with the hasty tread  
Of travellers, the hollow sounding plain  
Sustains them all.

It freezes on,  
Till more, late rising over the sleeping world,  
Lifts her pale eye majestic—then appears  
The various labours of the silent night:  
Penne from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendant icicles: the frost work far,  
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise—  
While spotted o'er the hill, the frozen creek,  
A livid tract, cold gleaming in the morn.

The beauty of a country all clothed in new-fallen snow is very strikingly described by the same author.

The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
The bright new snow, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mozy current. Lo, the woods  
Bow their hoary head—and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man.

### A Dying Father's Advice to his Son.

Sir William Penn, who was an admiral of the British navy during the protectorate of Cromwell, and in the reign of Charles II. gave the following as his dying advice to his son, William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania.

Three things (said the dying admiral) I recommend to you.

1. Let nothing attempt you to wrong conscience: If you keep peace at home, it will be a feast to you in a day of trouble.

2. Whatever you design to do, lay it justly and time it seasonable; for that gives accuracy and dispatch.

3. Be not troubled at disappointments: if they may be recovered, do it; if not, trouble is in vain.

These rules will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world.

The French papers say, there were assembled at the conference at Erfurt, two emperors, five kings, and seventy one princes and princesses.—This assemblage, to use a couplet of Dryden's in his description of a dream,

'Compounds a madley of disjointed things,  
'A court of coblers, and a mob of kings.'

MAXIM—Familiarity is a suspension of almost all the laws of civility—libertinism has introduced it into society under the notion of ease.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 28, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 37 persons (of whom 9 were men, 9 women, 11 boys, and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, burn 1, casualty 1, child-bed 1, cholera 8, cold 1, consumption 7, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 2, lues 5, insanity 1, intemperance 2, small-pox 2, still-born 2, and 1 of the whooping-cough.

Extract of a letter from an Officer in the U. S. army, dated Burlington, Ver. Jan. 8, 1809.

"I have taken the liberty to inform you of the proceeding of the Supreme Court in this place, on the trial of Samuel I. Mott, one of the murderers in the taking of the Black-Snake. This Mott has had one trial before, but in consequence of the officer not being sworn, the verdict of the jury (which was guilty) was laid aside, and a new trial ordered: this trial has been before the court for three days past. Last night, at 12, the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter.

"It is a most astonishing fact, that politics will have such an influence over a jury, as to return a verdict for manslaughter, when it was proved to the satisfaction of every one present, that he, Mott, had taken a wall-piece and shot two men, 34 of an hour after their boat was taken; the fact was not even denied by the prisoner's counsel.

"Mr. Chipman, Kyes, and Mush, were for the prisoner—the States Attorney and Mr. Vanness in behalf of government. Judge Tyler presided. This trial will not end here, or rather the consequences.

"Immense quantities of produce of every description, find their way into Canada every day; on a fair calculation, 100 loads per day for 15 days past, have gone into Canada, through Swanton.—There are a number of other roads, and we cannot make a calculation how many loads go over the line.—These sleighs and sleds are driven by a desperate set of fellows, many of whom are armed, and have been encouraged to defend themselves against any force that attempts to take them. At present, we have no authority to stop them, but when the new law arrives we shall have some employment. I have not the least doubt but some lives will be lost in consequence of this verdict."

### LEWIS FORTNETT

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings.

### ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Beads, Plain and Cornelian K's; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Dessert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best White-chapel Needles in quest to and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-pat the short-tie Braids, in the Newest Fashion—  
est Notice.

January 28

1041—tf.

### MARRIED.

On Saturday the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Aleri Doctor William Hampton, of Hackensack town, New-Jersey, to Miss Sarah Bain, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Doctor Thomas Cook, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Ferris, daughter of Mr. John Ferris, of West-Chester.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Aaron Sergeant, to Miss Eliza Bogardus, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Doctor Vital Antony Servant Gangean, to Miss Eliza Bogert Arden, both of this city.

At Jamaica, Long-island, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Faltoute, Mr. Henry White of Boston, to Miss Ann Stanton, granddaughter of Jacob Wilkins, Esq. of this city.

At same place, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Faltoute, Mr. William Smith, to Miss Ann Lax, daughter of Mr. Thomas Lax, all of Flushing.

At Philadelphia, on Thursday the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Meyers, Mr. G. Most, merchant of this city, to Miss Sabina Shoff, daughter of Henry Shoff, Esq. merchant of that city.

### DIED.

On Friday the 20th instant, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Rebecca Buskirk.

On Sunday last, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mr. Andrew Hagerman, in the 59th year of his age.

On Tuesday last, much lamented by all who knew him, Mr. Julius Mathon, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude and magnanimity.

At her seat at Whitestone, Long-island, on Friday the 20th instant, Mrs. Ann Grant, late of the island of Jamaica.

Lately, at Newburgh, Mrs. Seymour, wife of Mr. William Seymour.

At Bellville, Josiah Hornblower, in the eightieth year of his age.

At Newark, New-Jersey, Major Jeremiah Bruen, aged 68 years.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Ann Waller, wife of Mr. Samuel Waller, of that city, in the 35th year of her age.

At Boston, Mr. Thompson J. Skinner, Esq. late Treasurer of Massachusetts.

In Wilmington, North-Carolina on Sunday the 8th instant, Captain John Dove, a native of Yorkshire, England, late master of the ship Rover of this port.

SALES AT AUCTION,  
BY ROBERT M'MENOMY,  
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the Tontine Coffee-House,  
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND STATIONARY.  
January 28, 1809. 1040—tf.

### JEWELRY,

At No. 206 Broadway

EDWARD ROCKWELL, informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 206 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearls, plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair-pins, ed necklaces and gold do. bracelets, elegant silver watch chains, seals and keys, &c. Rings, plain and ten sets, table and tea spoons, a variety of ornamental tortoise shell combs, which are articles appropriate to his sex will sell at the lowest to numerous to mention the gold and silver work which priced and will manufacture, to be equal to any are of his.

### S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN  
FOR 5 CTS

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Park Slip and at the Proprietor's, 48, Franklin-street

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### SONG.

By John D. Wolfe Jun. of Bristol, Rhode Island.

Two youthful sailor mounts the bark,  
And bids each weeping friend adieu:  
Fair blows the gale—the canvas swells;  
Slow sink the uplands from his view.

Three mornings, from his ocean-bed,  
Resplendent beams'd the god of day;  
The fourth, high looming in the mist,  
A war-ship's floating banners play.

Her yawl is launch'd—light o'er the deep,  
Too kind, she wafts a ruffian hand;  
Her blue tracks lengthens to the bark,  
And soon on deck the miscreants stand.

Around they throw the baleful glance;  
Suspense holds mute the anxious crew,  
Who is their prey?—Poor sailor boy!  
The baleful glance is fix'd on you.

Nay, why that useless scrip unfold?—  
They spurn the "lying Yankee scroll!"  
Torn from thine hand, it strews the wave—  
They force thee trembling to the yawl!

Sick was thine heart, as from the deck  
The hard off-ship's way'd farewell;  
Mad was thy brain, as far behind,  
In the grey mist thy vessel fell.

One hore yet to thy bosom cling,  
The captain me-cy might impart;  
Vain was that hope, which made thee looz  
For mercy in a pirate's heart.

What woes e'er a man on man inflict,  
When malice joins with unchecked power;  
Such woes, unpitied, and unknown,  
For many a month the sailor bore.

Off gem'd his eye the bursting tear,  
As men'sy linger'd on past joy;  
As oft they flung the cruel jeer,  
And curs'd the chicken-liver'd boy!

When sick at heart, with 'hope deferr'd,'  
Kind sleep his wasting form embrac'd  
One ready minion plied the lash,  
And the lov'd dream of freedom chac'd.

Fast to an end his mis'ries drew;  
The deadly frettle flushed his cheek,  
On his pale brow the cold dew hung—  
He sigh'd, and sunk upon the deck!

The sailor's woes drew forth no sigh;  
No hand wou'd close the sailor's eye;  
Remorseless his pale corpse they gave,  
Unshrouded, to the friendly wave!

### LINES.

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife, on the anniversary of their Wedding-day, when he presented her with a Ring.

"THIRTY, MARY,  
So sixteen years this ring I wed;  
Behold another ring—idol,  
To wed thee o'er again, with  
With that first ring I married you,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,  
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd!  
And all my Mary then appeared,  
If she, by merit since directed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that doubled merit now  
To justify a double vow.

## LESSONS ON THE PIANO FORTE.

### FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
  2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
  3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
  4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
  5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
  6. Terms \$12.50 cents per quarter, for each scholar. Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Public Education.
- N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.
- For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—selected by Mr. Frederick Haasch.
- December 10, 1808. 1034—tf

## MINIATURE PAINTING.

### P. PABSEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 5 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 194, Chatham-Street, where Gold Lockets, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair-Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.

Nov. 5. 1029—tf

## A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 149, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north west corner of the Church—For terms apply at No. 114, Maiden-lane, January 14, 1809. 1039—tf

## CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C. ALFORD  
No. 13 Catharine street, near the Watch house.

## FRENCH TUITION.

At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street, Where the French Language is now taught, and where the School will continue to be kept during the whole season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with that almost universal language, and who may favour M. Fraissier with their commands, will have a good opportunity, during that time to acquire a competent knowledge of the language to transact business, in general.

N. B. An evening School is kept, for the convenience of Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in day time.

## BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

OF  
EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

### NO. 3. PECKS SLIP.

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Wal-kingham's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

Also, an excellent Assortment of

### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

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at this office given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

### FOR SALE BY

N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,  
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for traveling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosesso well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almost powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or toll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Martell's Pomatu n

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

### FOR SALE,

### A FARM AND MILLS,

in the County of Orange, State of New-York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and woods; the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808.

1035—t

### NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Anp.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE